

STUDENT ASSEMBLY REPRESENTATIVE
CHOOSES HILL TO DIE ON
Campus community confused, vaguely inspired

STUDENT TO MEET GIRLFRIEND’S
PARENTS WHILE STUCK IN BABY
Not that kind of double-header, dude

By Mx. Stevenson ’19
HIBACHI DEPT.

(DUNHAM LOT) A crisis is developing on the Hill today as lacrosse player Dylan Carson ’20 is supposed to meet his girlfriend’s parents for the first time, but he cannot extricate his head from local restaurant Red Samurai’s giant plastic baby mask.

Hamilton College EMTs were seen at Carson’s room in Carnegie this morning, having been called with a report of a student with a grotesquely swollen and malformed face. Upon finding Carson not in anaphylaxis and simply stuck in an oversized head, they were stymied. “I can honestly say I’ve never seen anything like this before,” first responder Asa Meyer ’19 said. “In my four years as an EMT, I’ve pried several heads from the staircase railings in Root, but never from a plastic mask. Someone did get stuck in the Al Ham head one time, but it turned out he was just really high and had it on backwards.” Meyer then went on the hunt for a sanitary dremel saw.

“I’m mortified,” Carson said, voice echoing ominously from the reeking confines of the vaguely of-

fensive novelty head. “Me and the boys just wanted to have a fun night out getting hibachi together to celebrate how much we love each other for Guy-lentine’s Day. I mean sure we do that, like, every weekend, but this time was extra special! I can’t believe something like this could happen!”

Carson’s girlfriend, Rachel Singer ’20, cannot believe it either. “He’s so fucking stupid,” she seethed, surrounded supportively by her sorority sisters in Scopus. “We were supposed to go on a fancy date to Ocean Blue and eat oysters and make our own sex tape, but he blew me off to go chug sake with his stupid boys again. And now look where that’s got him! This is not what I meant when I said I wanted head for Valentine’s!”

Carson’s predicament is compounded by the fact that Singer’s parents arrived today from Westchester, eager to meet their darling daughter’s beau of eighteen months. “I can’t meet them looking like this,” Carson said, sweating despondently. “Her dad is an exec at Goldman—I mean, I’m really only dating her for the networking opportunity. And now I’ve absolutely gone and fucked it.”

Red Samurai declined a request for comment. At press time, Carson remained unemployed and firmly trapped in the baby head, as well as newly single.

“I hesitated on using the app,” remarked Sally Lisbon ’22, “until I found the right photo.” Lisbon reported receiving an alarming amount of matches with alums, excited to meet in person and begin the interview process, after she had uploaded her Halloween picture onto HandJobs. Smiling, she described its content: “It was a school girl uniform—but like the Britney Spears one, you know? Braids and all. I figured I could kill two birds with one stone: professional and playful.”

Moreover, using the alumni weekend resource funding, the Hub provided a sea of various hard liquors, wines, and beers as a platform to ease rigidity and assist in conducting “interviews.” Collin Johnston, legacy sophomore participant, expressed his discomfort with the atmosphere the Career Center fostered, as he happened upon his mother slamming vodka shots with a beloved senior in the corner. “I wasn’t mad,” he continued quietly, “then I saw Dad ten feet away, offering a Milwaukee to my ex-girlfriend.”

Although Johnston’s response reflected several students’ uneasiness surrounding the event, an anonymous source stated her excitement as she “secured a ‘special position’ at Goldman Sachs, details her friends hope to hear more about in the upcoming week.

SOPHOMORE DECLARES
INDEPENDENCE
Plants makeshift flag on map

By Ms. Cavallino ’21
FIND YOUR FUTURE DEPT.

(REGISTRAR’S OFFICE) This week, sophomore Brad Strummer declared his independence. “Everyone’s declaring their majors, and I’m declaring my independence from a major pain in my ass: Hamilton College. I have absolutely no doubts about my decision. Independence is the path for me.”

“I was confused. I first thought he meant that he wanted to do an independent study or an interdisciplinary major,” Strummer’s advisor, Haley Shells, said. “Brad explained that all his courses would now be independent studies, since he would be the only one taking them as the only enrolled student at Strummer College.” She then sighed. “I worry about him.”

“Am I nervous? Hell, no! It may be ‘the biggest decision of my life,’ but I’m entirely confident that it’s the right path and I won’t regret it.” Strummer stated. “I’m now both President and Treasurer of Strummer College’s Student Assembly. I can finally give Vegan Club all the funding it needs—none! Haha, just kidding, I love vegans. Plus, I’m totally down for some cross-campus cultural exchange between Hamilton and Strummer vegan associations, if ya know what I mean.”

Strummer proposed that he would live in the now empty Rogers Estate and is willing to pay rent to Hamilton, stating that he can afford renter’s fees now that he no longer has to pay tuition. “As the President of a higher education institution, and also its Dean of Students, I have decreed that tuition is bogus and there are no open container rules.”

In an official outline of Strummer’s secession, Article 50 states that the Strummer Exit (or “Strex-it”) would be under such conditions that he would remain a part of the NESAC and can still use meal swipes at Commons. “I’m going for a soft Strexit,” Strummer said. “I’ve been paying attention in my International Relations class, so I know that it’ll definitely work. Or at least no one will try to stop it.”

President Wippman has yet to give a formal statement, as he is currently dealing with a student who declared bankruptcy, although sources expect he will send delegates for a peace conference within the week.

CAREER CENTER HOSTS
VALENTINE’S DAY ALUMNI
“NETWORKING” EVENT
“How I Got My Internship in Relations”

By Ms. Milam ’21
INNUENDOS DEPT.

(THE HUB) In an effort to further involve students in Hamilton events, the Career Center reorganized “How I Got My Internship,” introducing a new take on alumni relations with the campus. With President Wippman’s beaming approval, the Career Center rescheduled and compacted the infamous alumni weekend into a one-day event, which took place on Valentine’s Day and offered a completely new set of programming.

Hosted in the Bristol Hub, a particularly convenient location given its hotel room availability, participants were encouraged to first consult “HandJobs,” an app designed by the Career Center in collaboration with the creators of Handshake and Tinder. To boost the event’s attendance, the Career Center used a Facebook evite titled “Connect 101: How I used HandJobs for my first internship.” This app served as an interface for all party attendees in familiarizing themselves with one another, before meeting in person.

In this issue: *The Spec* discovers high nipples

ROCKY HORROR PARTY ON
SATURDAY



Finally! An excuse to wear your
bedazzled G-string!
See “Event Staff tear out own eyes,”
pg. 75

CHILI COOK-OFF FORECAST

1:00PM



High probability
your Opus gift
card is enough to
bribe the judges

2:00PM



Low probability
your friend’s
chili is as good as
you say it is

3:00PM



“Is there sup-
posed to be
a thumb in
here?”

THE DUEL OBSERVER
LECTURE SERIES PRESENTS

“True Light Comes
From Within”

A talk by the Poorly-Spaced
Lightbulbs in Sadove’s
Second Floor Bathroom

So Touching!! My Boyfriend Got Cremated for Valentine’s Day!!!

Everyone expects the perfect amount of romance on Valentine’s Day and it just never lives up to the hype. You build it up to be such a big day in your mind and all you want is some time to celebrate your love with your boo (and maybe make a little love, too ;)). Of course, the presents don’t hurt either! But every time you open that wrapping paper and expect the world, or maybe even a ring, your man never seems to get it right. Well, listen up y’all because My Boy just won Valentine’s Day; he got himself cremated and delivered to my poly sci class in an urn!

I thought it was weird when my professor said that we had some surprise guests for class today, but honestly, I didn’t suspect anything! I’ve been so busy lately that I completely forgot the date! But then I heard the singing...

I turned around in my chair to see four men in striped shirts and Jaxon hats belting out “All You Need Is Love” in perfect harmony. I have to tell you, I was shocked. But when I saw the urn that one of them was holding at arm’s length, I swear my heart melted right then and there!

I have never felt more like a princess in my life. I didn’t even know I wanted his ashes in a ceremonial jar until the moment I saw them, and when I did, it was like he knew what I was thinking before I even thought it! It feels so good to have someone who just gets you.

I thought my baby couldn’t possibly top last year when he bought us tickets to Paris for spring break AND called my parents to get their permission. Or the year before when he painted a beautiful mural of the two of us on the wall of a Dark Side dorm that we always called an eyesore. But this year, my late boy toy really raised the stakes. All I can say is that he’s gonna have to work pretty hard next year to top this one!

If I have one thing to tell you from this experience, it’s that you should find yourself a man who isn’t afraid to commit and to show you love every day of the year. Fairytales do come true every once in a while, and I have my Prince Charming sitting on my mantelpiece.



My hubby :)

Admitted into evidence along with an empty urn.
Processed by Mr. Case ’21

REJECTED STUDENT ACTIVITIES LOGOS

We here at Student Assembly wanted to let everyone see all the potential new logos that were submitted to us and our reasons for rejecting them. This is done out of total transparency, and we wanted to ensure that everyone’s creativity was displayed, no matter how truly, truly awful some of these were.



Reason for Rejection: We think the artist made a mistake when submitting this logo. They clearly submitted it upside down, as the intended effect was to make a face, possibly the face of the students, or even the face of Hamilton. Therefore, this must be disqualified due to the incorrect orientation.



Reason for Rejection: This logo was actually quite popular with some of the powerful white members of SA who want to drain the KTSA swamp, but after a long discussion, we came to the agreement that the American flag was too vague and not specific to Hamilton.



Reason for Rejection: One of the worst logos ever submitted. It is incredibly baffling why someone would actively choose a logo this ugly. Truly repulsive. The phallic imagery of the bottom portion is completely uncalled for, and frankly in poor taste.



Reason for Rejection: Seeing this logo filled everyone in the room with a sudden urge to fund every possible club and make Student Assembly “for the people.” There were also calls for General Secretary Wippman to make Hamilton publicly owned, so we took this down pretty quickly.



Reason for Rejection: The runner-up logo, there was a long battle between this and the winner. We ultimately decided against it because we felt as though the slogan wasn’t entirely accurate, as all we bring is budget rejections.



Reason for Rejection: We felt this logo represented a big message SA is trying to get across: We want everyone to come together and kindly stroke the opinions out of each other; no jerks in our circle! Unfortunately, it does not follow the style guidelines we laid out in the email, so it must be disqualified.

Found on a bulletin board in Sadove by Mr. Kelly ’21

Friday Five: Ways FebFest Only Made My Seasonal Depression Worse!

By Mr. Projansky ’21

We all know FebFest is only a thing because we’re all depressed and deprived of sunlight, and the administration really wants to make sure we don’t dirty up the new Counseling Center too soon with our snow tracks. But oops! They just made my Big Sad even sadder! Here are some reasons why:

5. **We Won Second Place in Trivia.** At one of the first events of FebFest, I thought I had the win in the bag. I’ve done trivia nights with my family for years, and I even invited them to see me in my element! I thought I was going to show them how much I’ve blossomed into a better trivia player, but instead I lost and am no longer welcome at home because I’m a “disappointment to the family name.”

4. **Foodtruck Rodeo Wasn’t a Real Rodeo.** I’m just saying, if there’s an event with the word “Rodeo” in it, I expect to see a rodeo. Where were the bulls? Where were the horses? Where were Jake Gyllenhaal and his hot gay lover played by Heath Ledger? I just spent about \$500 dollars on authentic cowboy boots that will never see the light. All those snakes, killed for nothing.

3. **“Mellow” Snowshoe-ing Wasn’t Mellow Enough for My Unfit Ass.** I see them say “Mellow” and I think, oh, you know, a nice and calming walk through the snow. NOPE! I forgot that the Glen has a fuck ton of hills. You know what doesn’t go well together? Me and hills. The last time I did cardio was for the fitness test, and I haven’t seen a track since.

2. **I Didn’t Black Out at Beer Tasting.** I have been trying to blackout for about a month now. I thought I had another chance to try during the beer tasting, but apparently stealing everyone’s beer and trying to fuckin’ send it at 4:30 in the afternoon is “in bad taste” and “qualifies for disciplinary action.” I’ll try again this weekend while crashing parties I wasn’t invited to.

1. **I Shit Myself Trying to Impress a Girl at HamSkate.** Hamskate really put the nail in the coffin. There was this cutie there just skating around, and I thought that if I did a cool trick, I’d impress her and I wouldn’t be alone on Valentine’s Day. So, I try to do a spin, and I fall and pass out. The next thing I know, I wake up in a pile of my own shit while everyone is running away from the brown ice. I’ve been in worse scenarios, but this was the last thing I needed in an already crappy week.

THE DUEL OBSERVER

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